

# Good Morning 744

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## No Doubt about it, You ought to be in Jail

**DID** you know it's against the law to ride a donkey along the sands on a Sunday: that if you eat mince-pies at Christmas you are committing an illegal act?

There are lots of obsolete laws still remaining on the Statute Book. Occasionally one is produced to meet some unusual case, but speaking generally, they are not enforced if they were, most of us would be paying fines or spending a shift in jail for a breach of the law we knew nothing about.

Why, according to the law, you must not play tennis or bowls or quoits unless you are a "gentleman" in rank.

To buy fruit from a street barrow after 8 o'clock at night is an offence—with one exception: monkey nuts.

You must not eat meat on Wednesdays.

A clergyman is breaking the law if he sleeps in a coloured night-cap, plays cards, or has a game of football outside his own parish.

Any of you boys got married lately? then it's a hun-

dred to one that your wife could be given a good long stretch of imprisonment.

By a law passed in 1770, any woman "who shall seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects by laws still remaining on the Statute Book. Occasionally one is produced to meet some unusual case, but speaking generally, they are not enforced if they were, most of us would be paying fines or spending a shift in jail for a breach of the law we knew nothing about.

Why, there was even a law against kissing in the 17th century—whether that has been repealed or not I don't know. It is quite likely that it still is law. But even the judges ignore it.

Only the other day a judge expressed the view that "if young women don't want to be kissed at late hours of the night they had much better not allow men to accompany them home."

He went on to remark: "Young women do not allow young sailors to walk home with them to discuss Plato."

And I should say he was dead right.

# DARN IT! HERE'S HOW

D. N. K. BAGNALL gives you the Lat. and Long. of the Job

**DARNING.** Do not wait for a hole in your sock to develop. That teeny, weeny new potato in the toe may grow to a large tuber before you realise what is happening. Act now!

**A stitch in time saves wicked swear words later.**

First grab your sock and push in some roundish, hard object so as to expose the hole. A pebble will do (there are plenty more of them on the beach), or someone else's watch.

But take care not to stretch the hole too much. Just let it lie natural, like.

Now ply the needle across the hole backwards and forwards until the hole is covered, going well into the territory on either side of the hole.

Then switch to the opposite

If it's much lighter, it won't wear so well.

**Begin your darning a good distance away from the hole, so that the thin parts around it are reinforced as you go along.**

Space the rows of darning so that they are the width of a strand of mending apart. Pick up the loops on the thing you are darning (you can do this for other things as well as socks) and leave loops at the end of each row, and darn so that the stitches alternate with the spaces between the stitches in the previous rows.

This sounds a bit complicated, but it works out easily if you follow it as you do the job. Pick up the edge of the hole in one row and then go over the edge of the hole in the next row.

If you have cleared the edges of the hole you will find this is easy and it will make a neater mend. Continue to darn over the thin place beyond the hole.

Now darn over the hole from the opposite sides, leaving loops at the end of each row, and picking up the darning stitches you have just made. Pick up the alternate strands of mending in the first row. In every other row pick up the strands of mending you passed over in the previous row.

**Tired? It's just chicken feed to me!**

When you have to darn a tear, start off by stitching the edges together. Then, threading the needle again, darn in the approved manner well beyond the tear, right across the base, forming a rectangle. Turn the darned thing over and work in the same way across the other part of the tear.

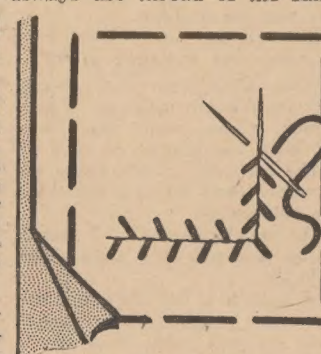
### LAT. AND LONG.

When darning knitted things, you do the north-to-south work as in ordinary darning, but the second phase—the east-to-west stitches—should go, instead, from N.W. to S.E.

A heavy sweater will stand up to the roughest work if you reinforce it by weaving wool in and out of the loops of the knitting, on the wrong side, at the parts getting the greatest strain.

Always remember, in darning, to use thick needles for

heavy material and thin needles for light ones. And always use thread of the same



Fish-bone tacking.

material as the garment—wool for woollens, cotton for cotton goods, and silk for those dainty under-pants.

**Never draw threads too tightly. Leave a tiny loop at each end to allow for stretching.**

Before mending holes caused by moths, have a look to make sure there aren't moths' eggs elsewhere to turn into more moths to lay more eggs to turn into more moths... and so on. And when repairing holes caused by burns from cigars, hooch, or other things, be sure to take away all charred or brittle material round the hole before mending.

Straight tears can easily be mended by drawing together with a one-way darning stitch an over-and-under movement.

Tears in mackintoshes aren't difficult to manage. Lay the torn part right side downwards on a flat surface. Get a patch of rubber material from some old garment and lightly cover it with rubber solution. Press the patch on the wrong side of the mack, taking care it does not wrinkle.

**Sit on it for an hour or two, or find something heavy to put on it. And the job's done.**

Of course, the rubber solution may be the snag, unless you're in port. If the sides of the tear won't come together, put the patch on the right side of the mack so as to cover it up.

Got a hole in your pocket? Most of us have. But if you've got an inconvenient one down the bottom, where pockets usually wear, you can fix things up by taking a piece of cloth half the size of the full pocket and sewing it on over the pocket.

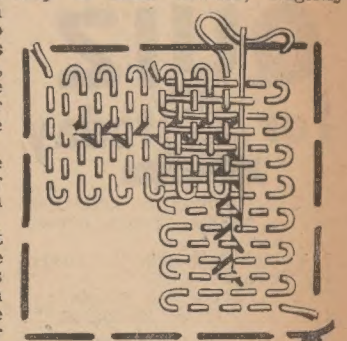
This will not only cover the hole, but will reinforce the rest of the lower half of the pocket.

**Of course, you CAN sew the thing up at the top, and so save quite a lot of money.**

Patching blankets or sheets is child's play for one who has repaired a shirt. You merely pin a patch (a goodish bit larger than the hole) on to the b. or s., and turning in all round about a quarter of an inch, sew into position—on the wrong side.

Then turn the thing over and out from the hole outwards to the four corners of the patch, leaving slightly less than half an inch for a good quarter-inch hem with ample turning.

Fold back the worn sections from corner cut to corner cut, and cut off. Make a diagonal snip at each corner, slightly



Turning the corner.

less than a quarter of an inch, turn in and stitch.

Well, I think that's all. If you follow all this advice you will be the neatest-looking chaps in the Service.

I must go now. I want my wife to sew a button on my pants.

## Much Ado about Something

**THE** customers in Mr. A. E. Rolls' newsagent's shop in South Norwood Hill were discussing the news, or the weather, or whatever it is people find to talk about when suddenly they found they could hardly hear themselves speak.

Not that they tried for long after they saw the competition they were up against.

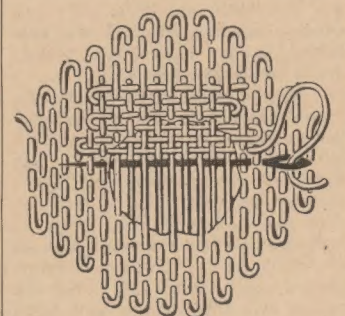
A swarm of bees had followed their queen into the shop and eventually made their home under the floorboards of one of the bedrooms.

When a local bee-keeper came to disperse them he found many combs and a good quantity of honey.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is: c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



The first rows.

sides and do the same, weaving the needle over and under the first set of stitches. In less than no time you will have what is practically a brand-new sock—practically.

### STOPPING A HOLE.

If, however, you have been very naughty and allowed a small hole to develop into a LARGE hole and find it necessary to insert a piece of material to fill the gap, do it this way.

Cut the frayed ends of the threads. Get a piece of stuff—roughly of the same weight of material—and make it about the same size as the hole.

If you use a heavier material it will probably tear away and leave you in a worse mess.

## Billy Hall's One-man Blitz

**WHEN** Notts County transferred Billy Hall, their inside-left to Tottenham Hotspur there was a clause in the agreement which stated Spurs had to pay an extra £500 if Hall gained an England cap while in their service.

Thus Hall's cap against France cost his club an extra £500.

Then Billy Hall lost his form and his place in the Spurs senior side. One day the reserve team were short of an inside-right, so Hall was switched to a new position.

He proved a wonderman in this role, and within a few weeks he was back in the England team, permanently this time.

When he trotted out with the England team to face Ireland on Manchester United's ground in November, 1938, many people eyed the fair-haired stocky little forward expectantly. Quickly he got the crowd roaring, made a perfect opening for centre-forward Tom Lawton, and the ball was in the net.

During the next half-hour the crowds were treated to a wonderful display of football work by Hall and Stan Matthews.

Then, ten minutes before the interval, Hall started his one-man goal blitz. Taking a beautiful pass from Matthews, Hall beat full-back Cook, took careful aim, and then crashed the ball past Twoomey in the Irish goal.

Within two minutes Hall had crashed another past the still surprised Irish goalkeeper, and then commenced to make still

more openings for his colleagues.

Nimble-footed, and sharp-



shooting, Billy Hall could do no wrong, and within ten minutes of scoring his first

goal he had completed his hat-trick!

When the second-half commenced the Irish defenders, who had played first-class football throughout the game, kept a special eye upon goal-scoring Billy, but eight minutes after the resumption Hall had scored his fourth goal—and two minutes later would have added to his score had not Twoomey, the Irish goalkeeper, saved a certain goal by an acrobatic leap across the goal-mouth.

But Billy Hall, who all the time had made perhaps England's greatest wing of all time with Stanley Matthews, played as a team-man.

He did not go out for goals himself. The chances came and he took them without hesitation.

Seeing what shooting form he was in, Hall's colleagues played up to him, and only Twoomey's brilliance saved Ireland from a severe defeat.

But Hall was not to be done out of his dues, and he dashed home England's sixth, and his own fifth from a Lawton pass.

Then Matthews, from a Hall pass, completed the day's scoring, England winning by 7 goals to nothing, and Hall equalising a record set up by the great Steve Bloomer against Wales at Cardiff, in 1896.

Goals such as Billy Hall scored at Old Trafford in 1938 come only once.

To-day Hall has retired through injury, but his performance stands—in the record books.

JOHN ALLEN.



## House Talk for E.R.A. R. Williams

**IT** was Laddie's bath night when I visited your wife E.R.A. Robert Williams, at her home in Catherine Street, Dundee, writes "G.M." woman reporter.

Mrs. Williams had soap-suds all over the place and one blob had landed on her nose, but it was well worth all her trouble, and after drying and combing him Laddie looked as though he'd take the firsts at any open dog show.

You will see by this picture that Irene and Laddie are both looking fit.

Mrs. Williams told me she has very good prospects of getting a house from a friend, and I can assure you she is as excited as a child before its first party.

She is now planning the furniture, curtains, etc., and

having spotted a beautiful suite in one of the big stores in town, she declares she must have it! No need to tell you, Robert, that your wife is an enterprising and go-ahead young lady.

Over a cup of tea she showed me the photographic souvenir album of your wedding. It really is an excellent record.

She said she writes you every day and trusts you are getting letters pretty regularly, but her one desire is to hear your foot-steps pattering along Catherine Street some time in the near future!

She also told me Dad had just arrived home from the Middle East and is getting demobbed. He is looking very handsome, Mrs. Williams reports, with sun-tanned skin.



# FIVE MINUTES TO SIGN

OF course, those of us who had kind of haze over her that hung seams and the bulging planks; Captain Botwood," he said. "Just heard the conversation on the water. and the middle hatch had been you lay there and I'll get you didn't understand it and we We sailed in and swung round blown open. From the hole came something to drink." Malone gave it as his opinion stern. the thin trail of smoke.

It was the *Manitou*.  
Dave Dunnel came down from the poop and signalled to me. "Get the dory out, bosun, and come aboard with me. Paddy Malone, please take the wheel and keep the clipper on and off on the lee side. Don't bring her too near. And do as I say when you get orders."

The smudge of smoke was getting bigger and we noticed that it wasn't moving much. We sailed right on, and as we came within five miles of the stranger every man of us was up to look at her. She was a huge ship, but it didn't need any experience to know that there was something wrong.

She rode an even keel, but if her rigging was all right, there was that something which seamen know by instinct means trouble.

From amidships there rose a thin feather of smoke, just a trickle, and there was a strange

"Is she abandoned?" I asked; but the one-and-only mate shook his head. "I hope not, but she's in a bad way. See that smoky haze? What do you make that out to be?"

"I don't know."

"It's coal! Anthracite. You watch the deck as she rolls."

She was certainly rolling frightfully. Down she came to her scuppers and over again until we could see her keel and the sheathing underneath. Every time she came over I got a glimpse of her deck and I noted the open

There was a heat like a smouldering furnace and all metal-work was too hot to touch. There were no boats left except one that was stove in. I figured the gale had done the stoving.

Dunnel moved forward towards the cabin. The door was shut, but he burst it open and out per and signal to that tug that we'll rushed clouds of gas. I went look after the *Manitou*. My round to the other side and word isn't enough seemingly. She's smashed a window to let the coming up now. Keep her off. draught clear the place. On a And get a few of the boys to settee I saw the body of a man, volunteer to come aboard here as a scratch crew. Throw a towrope aboard and bring her head up to the sea. Then come back here. mate.

We waited for a bit and Dunnel went in and dragged the man out to the sea. Then come back here. mate. He I'll need you."

When I returned Dave had lifted the skipper and taken him to his cabin, and the two of them were deep in conversation when I knocked at the door to report.

Most of the gas had escaped from the hold by this time so that it was fairly safe to remain on board the big freighter. We had rigged up a jury mast and

clapped some sails on her, and she he said quietly. "You went into was capable of moving and being that cabin of yours to set the handled, even if she could make stage, so to speak. But you little speed. weren't so bad when we broke open the door. The key was on the inside. You forgot that. It's enough to talk. He has some-the old story of the *Trident* with thing to say. Come on, captain, variations. I've been waiting to tell us what happened."

Botwood glowered at Dunnel, good and hard."

Botwood rose to his feet again, Dunnel waved him down.

"You sent your crew off," he said. "You wanted to be alone to sink the ship. The gas was started by you. That scared the crew right enough. All right. Then, when you had the ship to yourself, you started to sink her. You were going off alone in the boat out there, and you would tell a tale of the hurricane and shifting cargo, and you would grab the insurance and live a blameless life. Think I can't see, you swine? Isn't this ship nearly owned by you?"

The one-and-only mate of our clipper pointed his finger straight at Botwood as if it was a pistol. "And you dished me over that *Trident* affair. You gave me a wrong course up there among the cays and then went to your bunk to wait until I laid the ship on the sand. Then you swore at the inquiry that I'd been careless. But I found out that you had insured the *Trident* up to the masthead for that trip—you and the owners. You wanted her laid up and got me to do the job; and the inquiry found me guilty of negligence. Well, now I've got you, I'll make you sign a confession to that effect—"

"I'll sign nothing," growled Botwood.

The one-and-only mate smiled. "All right, wait until I've finished. I've been through this ship. I've got your insurance papers here—took 'em from your chest. And I've seen the open cox's that you tried to sink her by. You'd have done it, too, if

(Continued on Page 3)

## Concluding "THE GOLDEN GALLEON"

Dunnel listened until Botwood had finished; then he leaned his elbows on the table and gazed straight at the skipper. There was a sneer on his face.

"Is that so?" he said.

"That's the fact, Dunnel. I suppose you'll try to soak me for a big salvage fee now. You're clipper ain't a tug—"

"No, but she's fast, Captain Botwood. She's so dam fast you didn't reckon on her coming up so quick to stop your little game."

Botwood made an attempt to rise out of his chair, but sank back, staring at our one-and-only mate.

"What game are you talkin' about?" he snarled, his Mexican Jew blood coming out like a flash.

"Oh, the old game, Botwood. You can't tell me that anthracite gas is as slow as you would make me believe. I know. Listen, and I'll tell you."

He brought out that eternal pin from under his coat lapel and started to pick his teeth.

"Anthracite gas works quick,"

## QUIZ for today

1. What colour is heliotrope—yellow, mauve, green, brown, or pink?
2. In what county is Saver-nake Forest?
3. Who wrote the words and music of "Rule, Britannia"?
4. What does "viz." mean?
5. If you knew a Mr. Feather-

stonehaw, how would you pronounce his name?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Busy, Active, Energetic, Happy, Live ly, Vigorous.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 743

1. Harry/Lauder; Harry Tate.
2. Essex.
3. Plimpton, U.S.A., 1865.
4. Member of the Pharma-ceutical Society.
5. Marsh-banks.
6. 8 is a perfect cube (2 x 2 x 2); others aren't.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

LATEST news from Paramount is that they have teamed Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake and William Bendix in a new murder mystery, "The Blue Dahlia."

If you saw "The Glass Key," you will remember Alan and Veronica serving up the thrills in good measure, and who can forget the scene in which Big Bill Bendix ruthlessly beat up Ladd?

Written by Raymond Chandler, the man responsible for the screen play of "Double Indemnity," the film promises something special.

AND, talking about Veronica Lake, it is said that she goes back to her "over-the-eye" hair-do for one scene in the forthcoming "Out of This World."

This, I am told, is in response to requests from numerous Servicemen.

IN Hollywood, where breaks, flops, come-backs, disillusionment and success are a daily routine, people still find time to remember an old debt. Here's an example of this one-good-turn-deserves-another practice.

Twenty years ago, when Elmo Lincoln was playing the role of Tarzan in the original series, he went out of his way to be kind to a young man on his first job as assistant cameraman.

A short while ago, one of Hollywood's busiest directors, William Berke, cast Lincoln, no longer in the bright lights, in a good role in "Dangerous Passage," which he has just made for Paramount.

Berke hadn't forgotten the break he got as a result of Lincoln's interest.

SCOTLAND YARD detectives are to become stars in a film about themselves made in the C.I.D.'s headquarters.

The film will show how C.I.D. men handle different types of cases—murder among them.

It has not been decided yet whether the film will be of full length or merely a long "short," but what is certain is that it will be shown first in Britain and then all over the world.

If you're contemplating anything, wait until this picture is released and learn how not to do it!

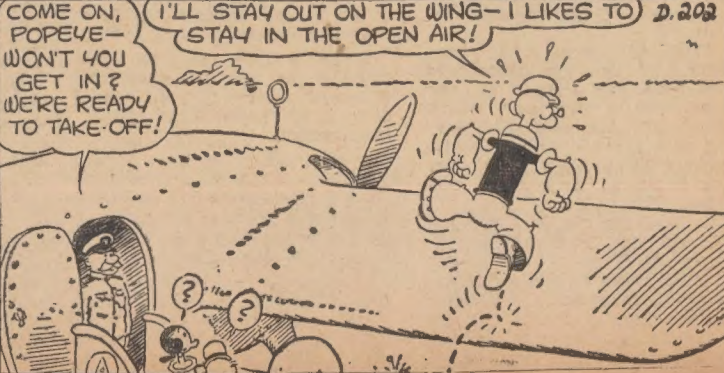
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 682

- 1. Behead a vessel and get a ring.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Hatt ginrunt on goin 'sit sha a nale.**
- 3. What three building materials can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **The — for the new building was — by the architect.**

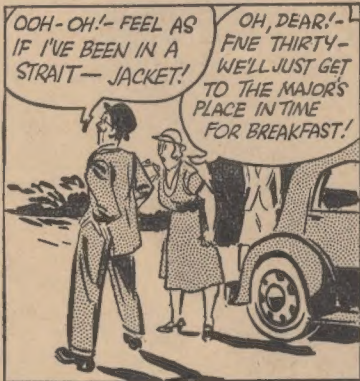
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 681

- 1. T-ripe.
- 2. Many hands make light work.
- 3. Knife, Axe.
- 4. Edible, belied.

JANE



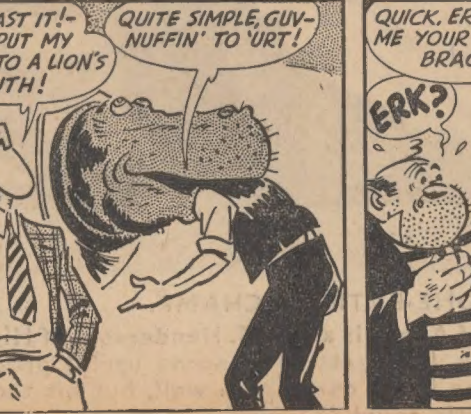
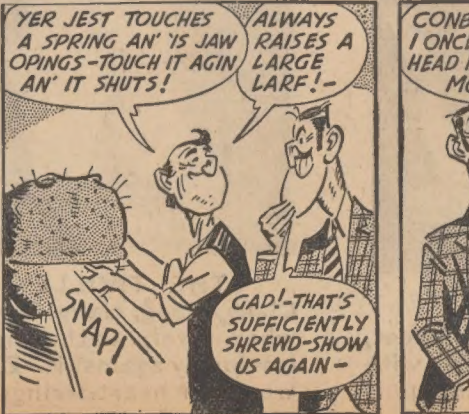
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

HE'S seen a bit of service, has Sergeant P. J. Dibbs. He served in South Africa during the Boer War with the Imperial Yeomanry (Army).

He was in airships with the R.N.A.S. during World War No. 1 (Navy).

During the last war in Europe, from which he has just been demobbed, he was at the Air Gunners' School at Andreas, Isle of Man (Air).

He's back to his civvy service now—landlord of the King's Head, Northgate, Canterbury (Beer).

SOME Jap airman will be getting a present from Queen Salote, queen of the Friendly Islands. But it won't do him much good, and it won't be very friendly.

It will be a bullet or cannon shell from a fighter-plane which, as head of some 28,000 well-wishing natives of the islands, the Queen has presented to Britain.

It's the third time the Tongans (as they are called) have done this, and, at £5,000 per plane, their war effort isn't a bad job of work.

Queen Salote, six feet three inches tall, aged 45, lives in a two-storey palace at Nukualofa, on the chief island of Tongatabu, beneath a snappy-looking flag of blue, yellow and red. She's the only recognised monarch in the British Empire apart from King George VI.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

HAG ADAPT N  
AMISS SHADE  
WALK CHIMES  
SILICA APES  
EN TODDLER  
RT PEARM  
TALENTS RE  
PURE CELLAR  
ENGAGE OOEZ  
GEESSE SPOOL  
S TEMPO PRY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11			12		
13					14		15	
16					17	18		
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21	22	23		24			25	26
	27		28			29		
30					31		32	33
34				35	36			
37		38		39				
40							41	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Smart blow. 5 Enemy. 10 Immature. 12 Tramp. 13 Unequal-sided. 15 Mineral. 16 Fragrant herb. 17 Part of flower. 19 Wed. 21 Newt. 24 Trough on staff. 25 Moisture. 27 Emphasis by understatement. 30 Common-place. 31 Tree. 34 Finish. 35 Press issue. 37 Spaces of time. 39 Of vinegar. 40 Sea-nymph. 41 Unit of force.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Hurry. 2 Length. 3 Fight. 4 Movies. 5 Marsh. 6 Word of enquiry. 7 Suggested. 8 Scrape off. 9 Girl or boy. 11 Small aperture. 14 Prevalent ailment. 18 London district. 20 Large number. 22 Projecting rim. 23 Dry wood. 26 From which. 28 Word of thanks. 29 Coyed. 30 Edible seed. 32 Be compassionate. 33 Joint of meat. 36 Parent. 38 Direction.

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you the man who discovered penicillin.

- 1. Floating frameworks.
- 2. A female foal.
- 3. An entertainment given.
- 4. A sham package.
- 5. Examination by test.
- 6. Sudden fright.
- 7. Sorcery.

(Answers in No. 745)

ALEX CRACK

Tank took a corner a bit sharply and crashed into the kitchen of a cottage.

"Sorry and all that," said one of the lads, popping his head out, "but I really wanted the coast road."

"That's easy," said the housewife, carrying on with the cooking. "Just go straight on into the living-room and turn right by the sideboard."



"Now, don't tell me YOU'VE got some etchings!"

first port. I daren't go into New Orleans now."

THE GOLDEN GALLEON

(Continued from Page 2)

this clipper hadn't hove in sight. That made you act the gaspoisoned man, after you stove in the boat. You thought the salvors would get scared at the gas and leave the ship, taking you with them.

"I'll give you five minutes to sign the confession I've drawn out here. If you don't sign I'll open the cocks myself and the clipper will stand by until this ship does sink with you aboard. And I'll take home the insurance papers and show 'em round New Orleans. What do you say?"

He planked down a sheet of paper on the table and took me by the arm and led me outside.

The seas were falling quickly and the stars were out. Paddy Malone was hanging out the lights and the clipper was moving ahead, towing the ship easily.

The gas had mostly gone off and the *Manitou* was righting herself quickly. Save for the holes in her here, who'll be taking the *Manitou* deck and a little damage here and there she was perfectly all right.

Dunnell paced up and down the waist, watch in hand. As he snapped it back into his pocket the door of the cabin opened and Botwood emerged. He came forward and handed the paper to our one-and-only mate, who glanced at it, then stuffed it into his pocket.

You never saw a man more disgusted with himself than Botwood appeared then.

"I thought I had fixed you for good, Dunnell," he said. "It's the first time a Gulf fisherman took over a towage job, and I banked on the tugmen being once more."

on condition you let me off at the

END.



# Good Morning



## THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB.

In the hot sunshine outside the forge the blacksmith bends over shoeing a heavy Shire horse. The inevitable spectators look on — for the blacksmith's work will always attract a crowd. It may be the flying sparks, or the weird, acrid smell of singed hoof, but a halo of romance surrounds this ancient trade.



**BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EYEFUL!**  
We should have enjoyed being the lucky little dicky-bird that had this charming aerial view of the Lady in White — Miss Sheila Ryan, to you. But we should have enjoyed much more being a lucky little early worm that had a worm's-eye view!



## SCOTSMAN IS SCONE-EATING CHAMP.

Forfar's unbeaten scone-eating champion of Angus is a Mr. G. Henderson, of High Street, Forfar. Here you see the champ. (on the left) getting in some useful practise with his young brother. The champ. says "The lad is coming on well, but his technique is still a little rough."



## COME TO TEA — AND GIVE YOUR BLOOD.

When Cobham, Surrey, has a blood donors' day, the Navy sends a portable blood unit, and in a garden-party atmosphere, blood is taken from the donors. They can inspect the garden, bring their children, have a pleasant chat, and stay to tea.



## THE TROLLEY SONG.

Clang, clang, clang, went the trolley, when lovely Catherine Craig lolled lusciously against it. Zing, zing, zing, went our heart-strings when we saw her.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"The moment she saw him she fell."

